pulled himself together. The from will still held. He strode to the connecting door and opened it. The tumult had deed and held held to held



"PLL KNOCK YOU FROM UNDER YOUR HAT."

rin the Machine any longer, eh? Spit it out, Staatz! If you're qualifying for my shoes you got to lears to look less like a whipped puppy when you're spoke to. Stand up and state your grievance like a man, you Dutch crook that I lifted out of jail. You. too, Bourke! Where's your longue? And all the rest of you that was on the point of choosing a new Leader."

No one answered. The Boss's instinct power rather than his mere words held them sulky and dumb. Order was creeping the old subs. Order was creeping to the creeping the old subs. Order was creeping to the creeping to the creeping the old subs. Order was creeping to the creepi

ing out on him to stand by them, to forgive their ingratitude and folly.

And in the centre of the exuitant babel stood Caleb Conover, unmoved save for a sneering smile that twisted one corner of his hard mouth, the only man present who was not carried away by that crazy wave of reactive enthusiasm.

"Stants" abserved the ""

"Stantz," observed the Raliroader, as the hubbub at length died down, "I'm afraid you'll have to wait a wee pecklo longer for that leadership. But cheer up. Everything comes to the man who waits—"Ill no one else wants it. I've got one thing more to say, and then my "talking" will be done for good, as far as you men are concerned. I had a kennel of dogs once, on my place here. A whole lot of pedigreed, high-priced whelps that it cost me a fortune to buy. I thought maybe I'd enjoy their society. It was so much sensibler'n politicians.' But somehow after a while I got tired of 'em. For they didn't take to me, not from the first. Animals don't, as a ruie. Every now and then when I'd go to their enclosure they'd lorget to mind me, and once or twice they combined and tried to got me down and throttle me. Of course. I could lash all the light of 'em when they startes every few days in ord leck the brutes of protest that had arisen on all sides as his announcement, Caleb flung open the outer door of his study. Several of the dazed politicians essayed to speak, but the quick gleam in their self-deposed Leader's eve halted the words ere they were spoken. (Boddent, cowed to the last, the Machine's officers and henchmen finally yielded to that look and to the peremptory gesture of the Railroader's arm. One by one they filed out. Stantz in the van. Bourke with averted gaze silnking along in the rear.

With a grunt of ultimate dismissal. Conover closed the door, as he supposed, on the last of his ex-followers. Giancing over the scene of the late conflict before departing for his riede his glance fail on a solltary, I'-resead figure sort and the whole bunch. You're sore of 'en all, You're g

for keeps. Just like I've always dona, So long, Boss."

"Poor old Billy!" muttered Conover as the Sheviln slipped out too hurriedly to permit of his Lender's framing any reply to what was quite the longest speech the henchman-had ever made. "He'll never make a hit in polities till he gets rid of some of that loyalty. Next to gratitood, there aim'l another vice that hampers a man se bad."

Then dismissing the recent country.

ties till he gets rid of some of that loyalty. Next to gratitood, there ain't another vice that hampers a man se bad."

Then, dismissing the recent event; from his mind, the Railronder rar down stairs, lightly as a boy, and to the outer entrance, where Dunderberg was plunging and pivoting in the grig of two grooms. A third groom, mounted on a quieter steed, sat well beyond range of the staillon's lashing heels.

Late as it was, Mrs. Conovor was still up. Caleb brushed past her in the hall, cutting short the feeble remonstrances with which she always prefaced one of his wild rides.

"Oh, Caleb!" she pleaded as she followed him out on the broad veranda. "Not to-night, dear! Just give it up this once, to please Me! He's—he's such a terrible horse. I never saw him so wild as he is now. The men can scarcely hold him. Oh, please—"

But the Railroader was already preparing to mount.

"Don't you worry, old gir!" he called back over his shoulder: "he's none too wild for my taste. There never was a horse yet could get the best of me."

The wind was rising again. It whisted across the grounds, ruffling the puddless and stirring the dead leaves. A whiff of it caught Conover's hat as he fought his way to the plunging stallion's back. The exultance of coming his vice-like knee-grip.

"Your hat, sir!" called one of the grooms, as another sprang forward to catch the failing headgear. But Calebhad no mind to wait for triles. The night wind was in his face, the furious horse whirling and rearing between his vice-like knee-grip.

"All right! Let him go! Never mind the hat. Come on, Gles."

Dunderberg, his head freed, leaped forward as from a catapult. Master and man thundered away down the struggling groom to release the bit. "All right! Let him go! Never mind the hat. Come on, Gles."

Dunderberg, his head freed, leaped forward as from a catapult. Master and man thundered away down the struggling struging from the release the bit. "All right! Let him go! Never mind the solemn hush of the autumn night. CHAPTER XV.

Clive Standish had spent the evening at the Civic League headquarters, awaiting reports of the days battle. The rooms were full of the League's minor candidates and officials, with a fair sprinkling of women. Anice Lander, chaperoned by her aunt, with whom she now lived, was there, her high color and the light in her big gyes alone betraying the fearful suspense under which she labored.

The belated returns, which should have been telegraphed at once to the League headquarters, were still further delayed by the fact that the one wire now running into town had been pre-empted by Conover. Hence, it was not until well after one o'clock that Clive received definite news of his own election. Throngs of friends and supporters had, on receipt of the final figures, focked about him with congratulations and good wishes. To all he had given seeming heed, yet among the crush he saw but one face, read in one pair of brown eyes the praise and infinite gladness it sought.

And as soon as he could he departed with Anice and her aunt for the latter's home, where a little souper at trois was to celebrate the victory.

They formed a joily trio about the dainty supper table. Late as it was, all were far too excited to feel sleeny or wish to curtafil by one minute the little feast of triumph, one minute the little feast of t

In the great, comfortless drawingroom of the Mausoleum, on a couch
hastily pushed into the centre of the
room under the chandeler, lay Catleb
Conover, Rallroader. Two doctors,
who had been working over him, had
now drawn back a few paces and were
conferring in grave undertones. At the
foot of the couch, clad only in nightgown and slippers, as she had been